

## Poppy

By Taylor Duncan

My eyes slowly opened, to see the poppies on the ground. I was wounded, dying. I had given up on crying. I thought about my comrades, each one I lost then I started counting the poppies. To my surprise, a shock, for sure, the number of poppies matched up with the number of losses. I counted again, and again, until I couldn't move my hand. My heartbeats were uneven, my breath shuttered. But in my dying moments, a miracle happened. A poppy sprang up right in front of me. It grew and grew, until it looked ready to bloom. I watched and waited, but it didn't bloom. Discouraged, I closed my eyes. I sent thoughts to my family, friends, surviving comrades... blank. I didn't feel anything. No pain, grief, hate. I didn't feel anything but the wind. I opened my eyes to see my body lying in front of me. I tried to move my hands, but I didn't have any. I had bright red petals and a thin green stem. I was the poppy I had seen grow! I heard the light chatter of my passed comrades, and I knew I was here. I was truly home.